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# INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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## SPENCER RECORDS

### Pioneer Experiences in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, 1766-1836

#### A MEMOIR<sup>1</sup>

First I wish to give a brief account of my father, Josiah Records, as an introduction to my own. Josiah Records, son of John Records and Ann Calaway, his wife, was born May 1, O.S. 1741, in Sussex county, state of Delaware.

He served seven years in the Revolutionary war with England, driving a wagon most of the time. In 1765, my father with his family, mother, sister and two brothes-in-law, Joseph Inatmas Finch, and others, embarked on board a sloop in the Nantucket river, descended to its mouth in the Chesapeake bay, thence to the mouth of the Potomac river and then ascended the river to Georgetown, landed, proceeded to Antietam creek, Hagerstown, Maryland.

In the spring of 1766, my father in company with two brothers-in-law crossed the Alleghany mountains and took up land near Fort Laurel hill, Dunbar creek, so called in honor of Dunbar who camped on said creek in the rear of Bradock's army, was mortally wounded and taken to camp, where he died and was buried. This country was known at that time as the Red Stone country, on account of the Red Stone creek

<sup>1</sup> This manuscript, written before October 8, 1842, was presented to me during the lifetime of Spencer Records, because I was his namesake.

Spencer Records Quick. Born July 26, 1828, in Bartholomew County, Indiana. 1864 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

passing through it, and emptying into the Monongahala river, twelve miles northwest of where Uniontown now stands, near Bainsville. They followed the trail of Braddock's memorable march across to Fort Laurel hill, Pennsylvania, where they took up land.

After clearing ground and planting it in corn and tending it, they returned and in the fall moved their families over the mountains. My father hired Peter Meebut with his cart and three horses to move him, taking with him my uncle Johnathan's blacksmith tools with the exception of the anvil which was too heavy to carry. They traveled over Braddock's old road. At that time there were only about ten or twelve in the settlement, a few along the road and the Youghogania river,<sup>2</sup> some about Red Stone Old Fort and a few near Fort Pitt. The emigration was lively and settlements were made at a considerable distance apart in different directions.

Perhaps it might not be out of place to speak of the life of the early settlers of the Red Stone settlement. Transportation across the mountains was altogether on horse-back. They could carry little more than their clothing, beds and cooking utensils. Deer, bear and turkeys were abundant so they were well supplied with meat. The bread meal was made by pounding corn in a hollow made in the end of a block of wood, called a hominy block. This block was set upright, corn put in the depression, and pounded with an iron until it was converted into meal. They had no flour. There were no stores west of the Laurel hills and such things as were needed had to be brought over on the pack horse from Hagerstown which was about one hundred and thirty miles away. Some enterprising people made a business of collecting the skins of wild animals, bear, deer and other fur-bearing animals, and also collecting ginseng. They carried them to Hagerstown to barter for goods. My father was an expert hunter and killed many deer and bear so made a trip every winter after the hunting season was over and brought back such articles as we were in need of. It appears to me that the people lived happier and had more real enjoyment then, than they do at the present time, (1842) with their luxuries,

<sup>2</sup> The spelling in the manuscript has been preserved throughout this paper.—  
ED.

fine dress, pride, vanity, pomp and show. That is the way I see it now at the advanced age of eighty years.

About the year 1768 Philip Short erected a tub-wheel grist-mill on Dunbar creek. My father did the mill-wright work and my uncle Inatmas the blacksmith work. It was built on a small scale and very imperfect on account of the lack of tools and iron. An ax was driven into a stump and the poll used for the anvil. The mill when complete had a capacity of fifteen bushels of corn per day, which was amply sufficient to make meal for the entire neighborhood and was considered quite an improvement, being the first mill west of the Laurel hills.

Soon after this, one Henry Beason built a mill on Red Stone creek and laid out a town calling it Redstone, now Uniontown, capital of Fayette county, Pennsylvania.

The year 1772 marked the end of six years of happy life. Father sold his plantation and purchased land about fourteen miles from Fort Pitt on the north bank of Red Stone Run. In 1774 the Indians broke out but on this occasion the whites were the aggressors. This outbreak was caused chiefly by the murder of Bald Eagle, a Delaware chief, by some villain on the Ohio river. The Indian was in his canoe when shot. Logan Mingo, a celebrated chief, was also murdered with the rest of his family by Michael Cresap.<sup>3</sup> When the hostilities began we were compelled to fortify ourselves. Governor Dunmore of Virginia marched an army into the Indian country and as the Indians had not done much mischief the army soon returned after patching up a kind of a peace treaty which was of short duration.

During the interval of peace in 1776 my father built a mill on Raccoon creek on land he had previously purchased, ten miles northwest from home. He hired Isaac Felta to keep the mill until the spring of 1777 when he moved there himself. The Indians renewed hostilities in the spring. There were a few families fortified at the mill. The Indians fired on John Stallian shooting him in the arm and killing his mare. The mare ran to Dalous fort, about a mile, and then

<sup>3</sup> Logan was not killed, though his family was, nor did Cresap commit the murders, though it was commonly believed on the frontier that he did.—Ed.

fell dead. This was all the mischief done near us but in other places the people fared worse.

In the fall of 1777 my father returned home and as the Indians lived some little distance away and the winter was severly cold they did not trouble us much during that season and we all stayed at home in safety. But in the spring of 1778 we were at McDonnal fort and father had obtained a guard of men to be stationed at his mill. The men went in companies to get their grinding done. When winter set in the guard left the mill but the miller stayed until March first.

In the year 1778, General McIntosh took an army into the Indian country, and built a fort just below the mouth of the Big Bear creek, twenty miles below Pitt's fort, and called it Fort McIntosh where now stands the town of Beaver. The same winter father received public money with which to purchase grain to be ground in his mill for the use of the army.

A great many cattle were taken over the Ohio river and left to shift for themselves, get a living if they could. The snow lay on the ground all winter and they perished, were skinned and their hides were taken to the mill in the spring.

The army disbanded in the spring without pushing any farther into the Indian country. There was a blockhouse half way between Pitt's fort and Fort McIntosh where men were stationed in time of war.

As I have mentioned forts and forting I will give a brief description of a fort together with a draft of one. First the timber and brush were cleared off until a space sufficiently large was made and then a trench three feet deep was dug all around an oblong square. The fort log was cut about twelve or fifteen inches in diameter and fifteen feet long. These logs were split into halves the top end sharpened and the large end set in the ditch, flat side in. The cracks were stopped up with pieces set in. The dirt was then filled and well packed. Port holes were cut high enough up so that balls fired from outside would pass over the head. The cabins were built leaving plenty of room between them and the stockade to load and shoot. Two stations were built at opposite corners with port holes about eighteen inches from the ground. In case the Indians came near the fort the inmates could rake the sides, that is, shoot them. One station guarded one side and

one end. Two gates about four by five feet which were very strong and barred so that they could not possibly be forced open, were placed at opposite sides. Some forts, called station houses, were built by raising two cabins adjoining each other about eight feet high then a roof of split logs put on, the roof log extending two feet over. Then logs are built up sufficiently high to allow plenty of room to load and fire. Port holes were left to shoot out as well as down. The use of the projection was to prevent the Indians from climbing up and getting or shooting the inmates. Such a one was Bryant's Station.

Sometime after Braddock's defeat the Indians were committing their cruel depredations on the frontier settlements of Virginia. Two sisters by the name of Bancott aged six and eleven years respectively were captured and carried away by them. The older one soon became reconciled to live with the Indians and some time after married one of them. The younger one although only six years old never became reconciled and never forgot her white relations, her name, nor the name of the place where she was captured and thought that if an opportunity was offered she would try to make her escape to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, where the Indians resorted to trade. She had no good opportunity since they never took her near there and remained until one morning it was impressed upon her to leave them and she saw that she might slip off unobserved.

Putting her blanket over her head she started away in the direction she had seen the Indians go when they started to Pitt's Fort. She traveled all day and at night she looked for a small tree that had a fork and limbs so that she could arrange a seat for herself and in case she fell asleep she would not fall to the ground, being afraid of the wolves. She did not find a place to suit her purpose until it began to get dark then she saw a light ahead of her and on approaching near, found an old Indian and his squaw that were on their way to Fort Pitt. They received her kindly and conducted her to Fort Pitt, supplying her with the necessary provisions. She was then near her own people. The people of the fort dressed her like her own people, as she had been dressed in Indian attire; blanket, breech clout, leggins, moccasins; and

conducted her to her own home. Soon after her arrival she gave a Christian experience and was received and baptised, soon after marrying Thomas Simmons and lived a near neighbor to my father, about fourteen miles from Fort Pitt.

In the year 1774 General Dunmore of Virginia marched an army into the Indian country and held a treaty with them. They promised to bring in all the prisoners they had and deliver them at Fort Pitt. Among them they brought Susan Simmon's sister, the older of the two sisters who were captured. Her sister went to see her and took her home with her. She stayed only a few days, not being satisfied. She could not become reconciled to civilization so they took her back to Fort Pitt and she went off with the Indians.

This remark will probably not be received by many but I will make it, be the result what it may.

Although the Lord permitted the younger one who came back and gave a christian experience and was baptized, to be captured, it was not his will that she should become reconciled to stay with them. But the older sister who could not endure civilization must have been of the Non Elect.

In 1779 my father was elected captain of a company of soldiers and received his commission from the governor of Virginia who claimed jurisdiction over all of Pennsylvania west of Laurel hills, which claim he held until the spring of 1782.

In March 1779, the Indians fell upon a company of sugar makers, killing five young men and taking five others together with a boy, prisoners. This took place on Raccoon creek, two miles below father's mill. My cousin Joshua Finch and I

NOTE: Memoranda taken at D.A.R. Colonial Memorial Hall Library, Washington, District of Columbia, June, 1914. Dr. C. H. Long "Book Annals of Carnegie Museum."

March 26, 1778—Minutes of Court of Yohogania County, Page 139 (81) "order that John Minton, Malrin Evans, Nathan Ellis, Edward Kemp, Josiah Records and James Scott, be recommended to his Excellency The Governor as proper persons to serve as Captains of Militia."

Page 140: "Josiah Records produced a Commission from his Excellency The Governor, appointing him Captain of the Militia, which was read and sworn to accordingly." The minutes of this Court (Yohogania County) printed with an introductory sketch. Vol. 1, pages 505, 586 of those annals are preserved in several manuscripts—volumes of unruled paper legal cap size.

were at the mill at the time of the murder. We had been sent there on an errand and were delayed on account of the rise of the creek. The Indians had discovered the camp and hid in the ambush over night and fell upon them at day break with their tomahawks. This was known since they were found all around in the camp except the body of one boy who had tried to escape and was struck by a tomahawk when about fifty feet away from the camp. They were all scalped. Two were named Devers, two were Turners, one a Fuller. One boy lay in the camp with his shoes on slip shod, he was stabbed in the left side and was lying on the other side with his fingers in or near the wound.

The water fell and we started home the morning of the massacre. A man came from a camp about a mile below to borrow a gimlet and found the men killed and the women and boy gone. He gave the alarm to their friends at the settlement ten miles away. The next day we went and buried the dead. Ephram Ralph, father's cousin, who was a lieutenant in the United States service, Captain Lowrey's company, was at home on a furlough at the time and went with us. A grave was dug but the men were backward about putting the bodies into it. Lowrey told them not to be backward for they did not know how soon they might be in the same situation themselves, so setting the example they were soon all laid in one grave and we returned home. These were the first persons that I had seen massacred by the Indians and it was a horrible sight to me, being worse because some of them had been my school mates recently and the grief and lamentations of poor old William Turner who lost his two boys, George and William. That day they captured his beautiful daughter Betsey, not knowing what she might have to suffer at their hands. This grief cannot be described by the pen.

In 1782 as Captain Lowrey was decending the Ohio river in a boat with his company in order to join General Clark, he landed at the mouth of a creek below the mouth of the Big Miami and was attacked and defeated by the Indians. Lowrey and Ralph were both killed.

In the spring of this year, some forted and others lived four or five families together. Four families lived with father. About the first of August, Alexander McCandles, who lived



about a mile and a half from father, had occasion to go for Mrs. Meek, who was about fifty years old, to attend his sick wife. After she stayed the required length of time they set out for her home, six miles distant. When they were about one mile from her home they were fired upon by the Indians in the ambush. Five or six of them lay behind a log about twenty yards from the path. The shots pierced both their horses. McCandles turned around and took the path for home and was soon out of danger. They sprang toward the old lady, one of them throwing his tomahawk and stuck it in a tree near her head. She stuck to her saddle and the horse soon carried her home.

A few days later Alexander McNealey and brother, both bachelors who had forted at Robert Lowrey's, started home by themselves. Their dog began to bark, alarming them and they returned to the settlement and secured six men to accompany them leaving James who was about sixty years old, there. The Indians seeing the men go away followed them and waylaid them on their return. They killed McNealey and four others. One made his escape by running and was not killed but in trying to jump over a muddy stream was captured on account of falling. Shortly after that two men who lived at father's started out in the evening to hunt, taking a path that led to a deserted plantation. They had not proceeded more than a mile when they were fired upon by the Indians and both killed. Father hearing both guns fired, became alarmed and in company with others started on the run to look for them and found them both shot and scalped. Their names were Collins and Reardon. The settlers all forted or abandoned their homes. Father moved eight miles away. When winter set in they returned home. After the death of McNealey, his brother James who was his only heir went on his plantation and lived alone. One cold morning when the snow was very deep, one of the neighbors went to his house to borrow a bag. He knocked and called at the door but received no answer, pushed open the door and went in and found the old man lying dead with his feet in the fire, badly burned. How long he had been there no one could tell.

In those days it came to pass that the devil entered into one Colonel Williamson who lived about fifteen miles west of us

and stirred him up to raise a company of men to go against a town of friendly Indians, chiefly of the Delaware tribe and professing the Moravian religion. They had taken no part with the hostile Indians. They lived on one of the tributaries of the Muskingum river. Williamson having raised his army, crossed the Ohio river and reached the town and as the Indians were friendly they anticipated no danger and did not take up arms against him. He told them he had come to take them across the river since he was apprehensive that hostile Indians were staying there. The Indians agreed to this and that night the women were busily engaged in preparing meat and bread sufficient for their young. In the morning Williamson, having them under his control, ordered them all into two houses; the men in one and the women and children in the other. He then ordered his men to go on to them with their tomahawks. To this some objected and called on God to witness that they were innocent people. However he found enough ready and willing to accomplish his designs and they went in upon them with their tomahawks. Then the butchery began, two young men sat down and began to sing a hymn and continued to sing while they were all being murdered. They were all murdered without distinction of sex or age. Such a piece of butchery the Indians were never guilty of. It was disgraceful to any people professing the Christian religion. I do not remember the number slain. He then returned home in triumph. I never heard any one mention this circumstance without expressing his abhorrence of the affair, except one poor old Scotchman, James Greenlee. He said they did right but he did not receive any sanction of his approval from his neighbors.

(1779) Although my father's mill was deserted and the nearest fort was five miles away, the Indians did not burn it down. The people went there in companies to get their grinding done. Father did the grinding and notwithstanding the fact that the people went into fort or moved away, they all raised a sufficient amount of corn for their subsistence. They collected in companies and went from farm to farm and while a part of them did the ploughing and hoeing, the others stood guard and prevented a surprise from the Indians.

(1780) In the spring of 1780, father moved fifteen miles

away and it was during the following summer that Colonel Crawford's unfortunate expedition took place. In this expedition, one of my uncles that married father's sister Susannah, who was a lieutenant in Capt. David Andre's company, was slain together with his captain and many others of my acquaintance.

(1781) In the spring of 1781 my father moved ten miles away. The Indians were quiet that summer in our neighborhood. Soon after this father sold his mill stones, irons and bolting cloths to Joseph Gemmel who was erecting a mill on Ghaston creek. He sold his land on Raccoon creek to James Crawford Tucker after forting and moving for five years.

1782) In 1782, father moved 20 miles away and bought a plantation of W. Fry on Peter's creek and took final leave of his plantation on Raccoon creek. All fortified or moved away except one man named Clark who lived one mile east of father. One day during the summer I was sent back home on an errand in company with John Woods. We had to pass Clark's house on the way. As we came near to the house we saw blood in the yard and, seeing no one, we opened the door and went inside. We were horrified at the sight of seeing him and three of his little children (ages 3, 5, and 7) lying there dead, tomahawked and scalped. One of them was not quite dead yet and lay there groaning. The woman with a young child and a boy eleven years old were taken. One little girl about nine years old was at the spring and saw them and hid in the weeds until she thought they were gone, then she ran to Turner's fort about three miles away and gave the alarm. The men at the fort pursued the savages. After following them about five miles, they found the little babe, wrapped in its mother's apron, dead, having been tomahawked and scalped. Its mother was not able to carry it and keep up with the Indians. Perhaps she thought the apron would frighten the wolves and prevent their devouring the child and that the people at the fort would pursue the Indians and on finding the child, carry it to the fort and bury it. Such was the case.

They pursued the Indians until they lost all hope of overtaking them and rescuing the prisoners, so they returned home. The mother afterward escaped and came home through the wilderness. At this outbreak there were 17 killed and

nine taken prisoners from our neighborhood. During the War of the Revolution, the British had taken the Indians for their allies, paying them for scalps of men, women and children. That was the cause of the murder of more children than would have been committed otherwise. The incidents that I relate are those that were committed in our own neighborhood only, but the settlement west of us and east of the Monongahala suffered severely. I cannot give an account of these at present.

In 1783, father bought land of John Kiser, which lay in Kentucky. Kiser was to leave in the fall. Father and uncle Finch built a boat for my two cousins and myself to descend the river to the land purchased, to carry the horses and cattle and raise a crop, as they contemplated moving the following fall.

#### LIFE IN KENTUCKY

I now begin to relate incidents concerning my own career, leaving my father for the present. We embarked November 20, 1783, on the Monongahala river and went down it to the Ohio and down it to the mouth of Limestone creek, Kentucky.

We had on board four horses and some cattle. We found no settlement and searched for a road and failed to find one. There was a buffalo road, however, that crossed Limestone creek a few miles above and passed my lick on to the Louis Blaine lick and then on to Licking river, then on to Bryant's station, but we knew nothing of it at that time, so we descended the Ohio river to the mouth of the Licking, landing November 29, 1783. We set off up the Licking river after having to get out and push and pull our boat over the shoals. After working hard for four days and making little headway we landed our boat and hid our property in the woods. The property consisted of whiskey and farming implements. We then descended the Licking river to the Ohio river which by this time had taken a rapid rise, and had backed the water up the Licking so that we took Kisers' boat as far as we had taken our property and unloaded it. We left on the bank of the Licking river a new wagon, perhaps the first one in Kentucky. Leaving our property in care of Kiser, we then packed up and set off up the Licking river, but made poor

headway after several days' travel. Snow began to fall and as there was no cane in this part of the country for our cattle and horses to subsist upon, we set out in search of some. Kiser sent us in care of Hugh Fry who had come down the river with cattle for his father.

When we came to the fork of the Licking we found a wagon road leading up the south fork, cut out by Cale Bird, a British officer, who had ascended the Licking river in his boats with Canadians and Indians. They were several days cutting the road which led to Riddle's Fort which stood on the east bank of the Licking river three miles below the junction of the Hensons and Stone fork.

The people at the fort were not aware that the British were approaching until they were upon them and they were ordered to surrender. This they refused to do and they were attacked and were unable to cope with the British and were compelled to surrender their stockade. They then proceeded six miles further up the river to Martin's fort on Stone river and succeeded in capturing them.

We followed the road in the snow, it was by this time half knee deep. Early in the morning, when about three miles from Riddle's fort we came upon three families who were camping. They had landed at Limestone but finding no road, they had wandered through woods until they came to the road which they followed. The night before we came to them Mrs. Downey was brought to bed. They were poor and had not so much as a spare blanket to spread over her, but set forks in the ground, poles on the forks and bushes over for a kind of shelter. She had no necessities of any kind, not even bread, only venison and turkey. They went to the same station we did. She had several children, one a young lady. She said she had never done better at such a time in her life. So we see that the Lord is good and merciful and worthy of praise from all beings, by fitting the back to suit the burden. I have mentioned this circumstance for the encouragement of others. We should at all times of trial or difficulty put our trust in the Lord who is alone able to save all that trust in Him. The names of these people were Reves, Demit and Downey.

We went to the fort, where we found plenty of company. The next morning, John Finch and I started out to find Lex-

ington and left the horses in the care of Josiah Finch and Henry Fry, with orders that if the snow went off or rain fell, to take them over the river. As there was no road to follow, we took up Mill creek and near the head of it, we met some hunters who had been on the south side of the Kentucky river. They gave us direction to find a hunting trace that led to Bryant's station and gave each of us a wheat cake. The flour had been ground on a hand mill and sifted, and I was not well and had not seen bread for three months, I thought it was the best bread I had ever tasted.

We went to Bryant's station and the next day we went to McConnel's station. One mile north of Lexington where there was a mill, we got the meal we had promised Kiser and the next morning we set off and it rained almost all day. About sunset, we came to the river which was very high. We expected to find the boys on our side of the river but they had not crossed it yet, according to our strict orders. We knew of no better way to retaliate on them than to bake a Johnny cake, walk to the river and hold it up for them to see. We did so, they saw it but did not taste it. By this time the rain was over but we were cold and wet and as it got colder, we made a fire and camped there that night.

Early the next morning we set off down the river and camped that night on the bank of Licking river. It was very cold and we suffered severely. The next evening at dark, we arrived at Kiser's camp. The next evening we set off on our return. When we reached Ridle's Station the river had fallen so much that we could easily ford it. We then started for McConnel's station and arrived there the last of December.

Some time in January four of us set out to hunt for buffalo on the river. The buffalo had all gone off and we were obliged to pursue them twenty miles before overtaking them. The second night it snowed and turned very cold. In the morning the snow was so deep we could not trace our horses. We hunted for them, but did not succeed in finding them. So we hung up our saddles and started for home on foot, supposing that our horses had gone in that direction. It snowed all day and at night we came to Elk Horn creek. The snow was about knee deep. We waded the creek which was about the same depth and soon found ourselves in a large cane brake

where we could get no wood to make a fire. The cane was all bending with the snow and no broken wood was to be found. At last we found one old dry hickory stump about fifteen feet high. We pushed it down. It was dry and rotten. We put fire to it and soon had a good fire. This was all the fire we had that night. We scraped the snow away and lay by it, but we could not dry our leggins by it. The next morning we went on four miles farther to Bryant's Station and when we arrived our leggins and moccasins were frozen and our feet also were frozen. Shortly after we arrived, our horses were found by hunters and were brought in. This snow was not all off until the 10th of March, 1784, and then went off with a rain. This was a severe winter, my horses except one and all my cattle strayed off so I could not find them. John Finch and I started to look after our property on the Licking and found all safe. Had some trouble on account of high water and was gone ten days.

In the course of the spring, people began to settle in the neighborhood of Lexington. Colonel Gerrad settled a station on the same river. He was a cousin of the lamented and much loved Gen. William Henry Harrison. Benjamin Harrison settled near Lexington this spring. Mr. McClelland settled a station at Kinkson and Stone Fork. Simon Kenton settled a station one mile north of where the town of Washington now stands, the capitol of Mason county, Kentucky. A block and warehouse were built at Limestone which caused the emigration down the river that spring. Father's land lay remote from any settlement. Times being hard we did not sell it but took a lease of Mr. McConnel and put up a cabin and two of us lived together. Henry Fry, two cousins and myself lived near each other. We had to depend on hunting for meat and the buffalo had retreated so far away that we could get only deer and turkey to supply us.

In the spring we were attacked with fever; was quite sick but got better, when I heard of my horses at Harrison's station. I went after them and on my return was in the rain almost all day which caused a relapse which was worse than the former attack. This put me back with my work so that I only got four acres planted in corn that spring. Range was good and cane plenty and I raised sufficient corn for my own

use and to supply my father until he could raise corn of his own. This spring Uncle Finch came down the Ohio and went in the cabin with us. I heard of my mare about 15 miles west of Lexington near a great buffalo road that came south from the northwest out of the knobs and led to the Blue Lick, crossing north Elk Horn at a point called the great crossing, which name it still bears. My two-year-old colt was found near the Big Bear and brought in so I had all my horses. In the course of the season I made two trips to Lime Stone packing rum and iron for a Lexington merchant, Thomas James. I also built a good cabin for father and in the fall gathered my corn, also a small works was constructed to make salt at the Blue Lick on the west side of the river, (a salt spring.) This was most convenient to Lime Stone although the main spring was on the other side of the river. Some time this summer a family landed at Lime Stone that had the Small Pox, and went on to Blue Lick but were not permitted to enter the fort but camped on the opposite side of the river. The Indians fell on them in the night and murdered the whole lot of them.

I started in search of my cattle accompanied by Alexander McConnel. We took a N.E. course to the ford of Licking river. We then went north and hunted some days; then returned and went into camp not far from the main Licking river, thinking that we would go to the north of Lexington early the next morning. Before we came to the Licking, we killed a large buck elk. We skinned him and hung up the skin. We took some of the meat. We went on to the river and crossed it and soon found the fresh track of an Indian which we followed for several miles. That evening a heavy rain wet our guns and rendered them useless to us. About sunset we came to Kiser's camp and camped for the night. The Indians had cut his wagon some and destroyed one of the kettles. As our guns were wet and out of order we let them remain so, and I now believe it was providential. If we had put them in order that night, which could have been done by picking powder into the touch hole and firing them off (flint locks), the Indians would have heard us and would have come in search of us and found us by our fire. The next morning they were camped not more than a mile distant, but we knew nothing of them nor they of us. At another time we traveled



all day in the rain and about sunset, we were going along the banks of a small stream, when we saw a number of Indians on the opposite side of the stream. Our powder was wet and no doubt theirs was not dry, consequently, neither party was prepared to open fire, so we passed quietly up and the Indians down the stream. Presently an Indian broke the silence, saying, "Say, white man, have you been to steal a hoss?" We made no reply and were soon out of sight and no doubt both were glad of it. When morning came, we thought we would get our horses and put our guns in order.

Soon after we separated, we heard the report of twelve or fifteen guns. When we met, neither of us had found our horses. "Did you hear the guns?" I said, "Yes, I did. Its Indians." "I knew it," he answered. "They have probably found our camp and are waiting for our return." I thought that as the woods was open, if they were on this side of the river we could see them. I suggested that we had better run to the river bank. Should they be there and not shoot us, we could then try to get to our camp. We went to the river bank but did not see them so returned to our camp and took our saddles, blankets and guns and carried them out of sight of the camp and soon found our horses, saddled and mounted them. McConnel asked if I could find the way without keeping in the road and I answered in the affirmative. He said, "Then go ahead and make the best of your way for if the Indians find our camp they will follow us faster than we can ride, and as our guns are out of order we can't defend ourselves and might be killed."

At this time the ground was covered with a thick growth of weeds and pea vines which made it much to our disadvantage and would be also to their disadvantage if pursuing us. Leaving this place, we struck no road for miles. We came to a creek that we could not ford, being much swollen on account of last night's rain. However, by riding up the stream a short distance we came to where two forks met. We started up the left hand fork and forded and soon after crossing we came upon the trail of a large herd of buffalo that had been feeding. We followed this trail some distance so that if the Indians were following us, we would leave the

impression with them that we were hunting, and try to break them off of our trail.

About sunset we came to the place where we had killed the elk. McConnel said that if I would make a fire, he would go back a half mile or so and watch our trail to see that no Indian was following after us. He did so and came back after dark and reported that no Indian was to be seen. We then took our horses to where the grass was good and shackled them and lay down to rest. Soon a heavy shower of rain fell and we were obliged to seek shelter under the elk hide. After the rain we rekindled the fire which was almost rained out. We gathered brush and sticks to lie upon until morning came. We then put our guns in order and felt secure as the Indians could not follow us on account of the heavy rain fall. About ten A.M. we started for home and arrived there in the evening of the tenth day, after we left it.

The last of this month, four of us started to hunt a small stream called Dry run, about 16 miles north of Lexington. When there we killed the largest buffalo I ever saw. He was fat and good beef. This was at the time of the year called bellowing time, when the buffalo were wandering around and bellowing and were more easily found and killed. The calves are all dropped in the spring time and when young resemble our common red calf and might easily be mistaken for one. We skinned the bull; cut the meat into thin wide strips and laid it on the hide and salted it. After it took salt, we set forks in the ground beside our fire, then laid poles on the forks, sticks across the poles, and then laid the meat on these sticks and over the fire and allowed it to remain until about half done and then turned it over and allowed it to remain until morning when it was about half cooked and half dried, then we put it in bags and sent it home for the use of the families.

When we lay down to sleep, we took our saddles, blankets and guns and lay down in the darkest place we could find, not near the fire, for fear the Indians would come to us. At one time we were suspicious that the Indians were following us. A scout had been detailed to look for them and had seen them in camp. When we lay down, we each wrapped a blanket around a chunk or small log and placed them around the

fire, so that they looked just like a lot of men lying with their feet to the fire. After all was ready, we retired a little way off, awaiting the attack, feeling sure they would come, and they did come. Stepping up in gun shot distance, they all fired at the same time at the objects around the fire, supposing them to be men. They then rushed up with their knives and tomahawks intending to kill all that were not shot. The whites opened fire on them and but one or two made their escape. This was a decoy not often played on the Indians.

I will relate a dream. Some may think it superstitious but I believe it was the means of saving our lives. March 10, 1790, brother Laban and I started to hunt. We hunted all day, and at night we went into camp near the head of a small run. After supper, we lay down with our clothes on, except our moccasins. We had our guns and shot pouches at our sides. My dog lay at my head; our horses were about two hundred yards away and shackled so that if we were to be surprised by the Indians and not killed, we could get them. We lay down and slept. During the latter part of the night I dreamed that brother Laban and I had gone hunting, (just as we had really done) had gone into camp, and that the dog at my head looked down the stream and growled. I awoke and thought it only a dream. I went to sleep again and dreamed the same thing; when I awoke, my dog looked down the stream and growled. I became alarmed and woke brother Laban and told him that I suspected that the Indians were near and told him to lie still until I put on my moccasins. Then I lay down and he raised up and did the same. We thought that if we both got up at once, that if the Indians were in sight, they might rush upon us and kill us. Both being now ready, we sprang up at once and taking our blankets and saddles we retired near where our horses were and awaited day break, which was the Indians favorite time to make attacks. We saddled our horses and were off quietly as possible. We hunted that day and went home that night. I believed then and still believe that the Indians were creeping upon us.

March 10, 1790. Indians were on the Ohio near the north of the Scioto with two persons. John May was ascending the Ohio with three men in a boat. One was Flinn, but I have

forgotten the other man's name. As they came opposite the Indians, they compelled the persons to go to the bank and raise a lamentable cry, begging these men to take them on board, saying they had been taken prisoners but had escaped. John May and his companions were fearful it was a deception and made no attempt to land. The men on the bank still continued to follow after them, and finally they were over persuaded and landed and as soon as the boat touched the land, the Indians fired on them and killed John May and one of the women in his party. The rest were taken prisoners before they had left the boat.

Thomas Marshall of Virginia and some other gentlemen were descending the Ohio with their boats, poorly manned, and loaded with horses and store goods. The Indians sprang into the boat already captured and compelled the prisoners to help them. The other being poorly manned, the Indians soon came up to them and opened a heavy fire on them. Marshall soon saw that he was not able to cope with the Indians by fighting or running. Finally they all boarded one boat and abandoned the other two. The one now being well manned, shot past the Indians and was out of danger. The Indians soon gave up the chase. Before the Indians could land the boats captured, they were below the mouth of the Scioto.

The alarm was soon given out that the Indians had captured two boats and \$2,000 worth of store goods and 28 head of horses. Whereupon I received orders to raise all the men I could and if the men could not be raised to draft one third of my company and report at Lime Stone that evening with six days' rations. I raised all I could without drafting and marched to Lime Stone that evening and met about one hundred more. We crossed the Ohio that same evening and went into camp and the next morning were paraded by a brave fellow, whose name I shall withhold. We were placed in two ranks, Indian file, with orders to march about twenty yards apart. With Captain Kenton at the head of one line, and myself at the head of the other, while he, the commanding officer, rode about on a fine charger with Dr. Johnson as sergeant in case he was needed, and brother Laban Records as pilot, knowing him to be a number one woodsman. A pilot

was useless as we were to march up the Ohio river but he had use for one.

We marched on in good order for some time until we came upon fresh signs of Indians, when our commander became alarmed and told his pilot to let us quit the river and take to the hills. He accordingly steered a northeast course into the hills and knobs. At length we came to a creek and there saw more plainly than before fresh signs of Indians. Upon seeing these fresh signs, he became most powerfully alarmed and said to his pilot, "For God's sake, Records, make for the river." So he steered south to a creek and followed it to the Scioto river. We found the two boats that had been abandoned by Marshall, and all the property except a still which had been taken by the Indians. A good many cakes of chocolate and a lot of papers of pins had been spoiled by the recent shower. We took charge of the boats and landed them safely at Lime Stone and congratulated ourselves on being commanded by such a brave, courageous and warlike officer. Had this expedition been properly conducted, we could have recovered the goods and probably captured or slain the Indians. Hard indeed is the heart that cannot feel for cowards when in distress, who will not drop a tear of sympathy for them and pray they may find rest.

#### MARRIED LIFE

April 15, 1791, I was married to Elizabeth Elrod, daughter of John and Mary Elrod of Virginia. I settled upon my own land six miles west of Washington, where I had previously built a log cabin 16' x 10' and had cleared some ground. At that time it was the frontier cabin on the west of the settlement and was described as follows after being raised the proper height for the story. A large log was put across the center and split logs were laid all over the top for a loft. Two of the split pieces were shorter, to make a hole to pass up through. The house was then built higher to make room above. The door was made of strong puncheons and pinned together with 2" pins and barred with a strong bar, so it could not possibly be forced from the outside.

Abraham Gardner took a lease of me and lived in the same cabin with me as they had no time to build a cabin. They were

both Dutchmen and not familiar with the use of firearms. I could not depend upon them in case of an attack from the Indians, only for a show and to shoot from the inside. This season brother Laban and my brother-in-law Harley were employed as scouts or spies on the Ohio river. In searching they found the bed on Scioto creek where twenty-two Indians had lain, waiting for deer and buffalo to come to the Lick to get salt that the spring was noted for.

Often the salt water oozed out of the ground and the deer licked the ground for the sake of the salt there. These places were called licks. They notified Colonel Ransome by a carrier.

Ransome notified me to draft ten men out of my company and report next morning at Falk's house, also for Captain John Kenton to raise fifteen men from his company. I reported the next morning with my ten men and found that only six men of Kenton's company had reported as yet. When we marched we had 19 men in line. We proceeded to the creek and discovered that a number of persons had gone down the creek. They had come up the south fork and had stolen 20 head of horses. We pursued them rapidly to the Ohio river. They had all crossed except four. At that place the creek was about twenty yards from the river. The space between the creek and the river for about 50 yards had grown up thick with tall grass. The water came to the bank. A thicket with willows grew along the bank. An Indian was standing sentinel near the bank. He saw us at the same time that we saw him. Some jumped down the bank after them, some ran up the bank, one jumped into the water. One jumped into the river and was fast getting away by swimming and diving. There were many shots fired at him but as he was most of the time under the water, to hit him was quite difficult. I took brother Laban's gun, picked the flint, primed it, and aimed at the edge of the water as he arose for breath. He quit coming to the surface and was soon out of sight and we do not know whether he was killed or whether he took a cramp in the water. Brother Laban saw one squatted in the grass and killed him. One of our company was walking along the bank and saw an Indian concealed and sprang upon him. The struggle was lively for a few seconds. Neither one was able to draw his knife out of its scabbard. One of our party saw

our comrade struggling with the Indian and ran to the spot with his knife in his hand and struck the Indian in the head with his knife and he fell over and soon expired. The man Fenton said the knife sank into the Indian's skull just the same as sticking it into a pumpkin. Two Indians ran into the willows and we were not able to find them, and they escaped. The Indian on the opposite side of the river hallooed and fired at us but to no purpose, being too far away; only one bullet reached the shore after striking the water and skipping a time or two. We scalped the ones killed and took the four head of horses that had not been taken over the river and returned home.

March, 1791. The Indians stole horses near Washington, Kentucky. Just before daybreak, the horses were missed and the alarm raised. The Indians were pursued. Snow soon began to fall and covered the ground. We followed so closely after them, they were obliged to leave the horses and run on foot to make their escape. John Gardner started out to hunt from my home and saw the track of one of them that had come near my place. On seeing my place he had turned to the left and kept out of sight. It is well for him that I did not see him for I would have gone out to meet him and give him a warm reception.

Some time in March, 1791, Captain Habble (William Hubbell) was descending the Ohio, below the mouth of the Scioto. He was attacked by a large party of Indians who came in their canoes and fired on his boat, wounding four or five men, and killing two by the name of Kirkpatrick and Tucker. The Indians soon left Tucker and turned their attention to Greathouse's boat which was in sight and as soon as the boat came near attacked it. It was poorly manned. They captured this boat without much resistance. The Indians took the boat to the shore, killed Greathouse and a man named Clark and took the balance prisoners; I do not remember just how many. I went to help bury the slain. On our way, we met a boy about 15 years old that had been captured and had escaped. He turned back and went with us. When we came to the boat, Black was in it tomahawked and scalped. The boy said, "There lies my poor old father." Greathouse lay upon the bank tomahawked and scalped. There was a large sack of

flour, some hogs and some other property in the boat not taken. After burying the dead, we took the boat down to Lime Stone station.

In the spring of 1792 brother Laban and I were engaged to view a road from opposite Cincinnati to Washington, Kentucky, and cut out a bridle path, for a sum of money which the citizens of Washington had made up. We agreed to do it. Forty miles of the distance was in unbroken forest and as it was in dangerous times, we took with us two armed men. While two worked, the other two carried the four guns and kept a sharp lookout all the while. We accomplished the job to their entire satisfaction, and received our pay for same. The road was afterwards cut out for a wagon road and was a very public road.

Sometime in the summer of 1792, the Indians were hunting opposite the mouth of Lost creek and their camp was about four miles from the Ohio river. After killing a number of deer, they needed horses to pack their skins away, and, no doubt, believed if they came into our neighborhood and stole horses they would be pursued and captured, as it was only twenty miles to the mouth of the Locust on the Ohio river.

About four miles south of us, the hills set in and it was a rough and unsettled part of the country to the mouth of the Locust, also up the road leading from Washington to Blue Lick. Now the Indians way laid this road to capture a team, hoping to hurry off and get across the Ohio before news could be carried to Washington and men raised to pursue them, and the men pursuing would have no way of crossing the Ohio river. They were about fourteen miles from Washington. They took the owner of the team prisoner and started for the Ohio river and crossed it after traveling about 25 miles over very rough country. The prisoner had a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. The Indians drank freely of it and became somewhat intoxicated. Owing to the roughness of the country and the dark night, the Indians did not make as good time as they hoped to. Being somewhat retarded in their trip to the Ohio river was of great advantage to their pursuers. Soon after he was taken prisoner a traveler came along on his way to Washington and saw the wagon in the road. He hurried



to Washington and carried the news to Colonel Rankin who lived in Washington. He sent an express to me to raise men and pursue them if I could possibly do so. Why did he not send orders to Captain Kenton who lived about two miles west of Washington or Captain Lee who lived about the same distance east of the city? Perhaps he thought they would be slow in raising men but knew I would attend to it promptly and raise men more readily on the frontier than in town, but the express did not arrive until after night. At day break, I ran to brother Laban's and John Hay and sent them after men, with orders to meet at father's as soon as possible. I went after other men. We soon met, ten of us, on the station of the Ohio about eight miles distant, where we knew an empty flat boat lay. We ran on double quick, boarded the boat; shoved off and double manned the oars and one took the steering oar. We pulled out into the middle of the river, pushed on with all our force and made good headway and kept to the middle of the river as long as we could and be sure not to pass the place where the Indians crossed. We then pulled to the northwest shore and watched the bank to see where they had landed the horses. We soon found it, tied our boat, took the trail and pursued on rapidly for about four miles, when we came to their camp but they were gone. They had separated into three companies. This made us uncertain as to which trail to follow. We wanted to follow the one that had the prisoner as we were more anxious to release him than to kill them. After deliberating we chose the middle trail and pursued them hastily for about two miles, when they divided into two companies again. We were again at a loss to determine which one to follow. We chose the right hand trail this time. The trail by this time had become small but we pursued on as long as we could see and went into camp. At the break of day we started on and soon heard them hallooing as is their custom when they leave their camp. This was a kind of song they sang on going to sleep and on leaving camp. We then felt certain of overtaking them and soon came to their camp which they had left, going a north course. We followed them about two miles in that direction, when we came to fallen timber. They turned short to the right to avoid it or to find a crossing through it. The woods for some dis-

tance had been bushy which had kept us from seeing them, but near the fallen timber the woods were open. When we came to the turn they had made, we discovered them. There were four of them with a horse loaded with skins. An Indian was riding, two walking behind him, the prisoner behind them, and an Indian brought up the rear. They had taken the prisoner's shirt off of him and gave him a calico shirt instead. He was bare-headed and had his own big coat wrapped up small and was carrying it on his back with his bottle in it; although the Indians had drunk all the whiskey, he was careful of his bottle. The instant they saw us, they became alarmed and started on the run. The one behind the prisoner jumped before him and ran toward the fallen timber. The prisoner followed them. John Hay fired at the Indian on the horse. He fell or jumped off and ran into the fallen timber and made his escape in the timber that was covered with a thick heavy coat of grass and pea vines. He left a first rate rifle gun, by which we knew that he was badly wounded, for an Indian will not part with his gun if able to carry it off. We supposed the prisoner was an Indian because he followed the Indians and also because he had on a calico shirt. Brother Laban fired at him but his gun made slow fire, which caused the ball to be deposited in the prisoner's big coat that he had turned under his arm. The ball cut sixteen holes in it and broke the bottle. Some one called out, "Shoot him", but another said, "Don't shoot him, let's take him a prisoner." On hearing this he knew we were Whites and turned toward us and said, "Oh! my wagon", which he supposed was the best countersign he knew of, as his life was in danger. So he was rescued from captivity. We asked him why he ran after the Indians and he said he thought that it was not possible that white men could get there so soon after the alarm was raised, the time being so short and that he supposed we were a party of Indians who were at war with the party who had captured him and thought best to stay with those he was with. We took the horse together with the pack of skins, and the gun, returned to the Ohio river, and recrossed in our boat. That night we camped on the knobs of Locust creek and the next day we arrived home. We gave the horse to his owner and

he went on his way rejoicing. The skins were our pay for the campaign, together with the rifle gun.

If when that young man was taken prisoner, the news had not been carried to Washington immediately, if I had not hurriedly raised men; if we had not marched rapidly; if we had not found the boat; if we had not taken the right trail each time, if my brother's gun had not made slow fire; and if there had not been a dispute in regard to shooting him or taking him prisoner or killing him; if we had all fired on him, he would surely have been killed. Some may think it was all accidental but I consider that with the Lord there is nothing accidental, for although the savages were permitted to take him prisoner, they were not permitted to kill him. So it was not possible that there were any "ifs" in this case.

The first of June, 1792, Kentucky became a state. First governor of Kentucky was Isaac Shelby. All commissions from the state of Virginia became null and void. In November I was elected captain of a company and received my commission from the state of Kentucky January 9, 1793. I accepted my office and was sworn in by John Wilson acting as justice of the peace.

Sometime in the summer, brother Laban and I were solicited to view and locate a road from Germantown on Licking river to the north of Bear creek to intercept a road from that place to Georgetown, Kentucky. We measured it and marked the mile trees and found it 19½ miles through an unbroken forest. We established it. It was cut out and ever since has been a public thoroughfare.

About this time, William McGinnis, living a half mile from Washington was shot dead by an Indian while standing in his yard between sunset and dark, but they did not return to scalp him. Sometime this fall Tobias and Henry Woods, Absalom Craig and others started on a hunting expedition on Locust creek. On their return they came to a fine spring that came out from under a bluff that was about 10 feet high. They camped and started out for an evening hunt. When they came in at night, one of the men said that Laban Records was in the woods, that he heard him laugh, but none of them knew of his being out. Tobias became alarmed, fearing that they were Indians. About two hours before day, he said he

would set out to hunt his horse. At daylight he found his horse and was in the act of mounting him. Henry went to the spring at this time, and an Indian fired on them.

The Indians had found their tracks and had followed them to their camp and lay behind a log in gun shot of the camp on the bluff in ambush. They killed Henry at the spring, and wounded Gary in the hip. Furgason made his escape and ran home. I raised five or six men and went with Furgason to the place. Woods lay at the spring shot and scalped. Craig likewise lay at the camp tomahawked and scalped. As Furgason saw him running about 50 yards from the camp, but being shot in the hip thought it was impossible for him to make his escape. We were sure that he had been overtaken and brought back to camp and slain. We saw where the Indians had lain behind the log and had left a deer skin. We cut a blue ash sapling, and split a cut of it and made shovels of it. We dug up the ground with our tomahawks, threw the earth out with these shovels, and in this way made graves. We placed the bodies of the slain in them, and placed a blanket over them and covered them up. These were the last persons slain by the Indians in our part of the country.

In 1795 peace was made with the Indians. I resigned my commission in August and started for Pennsylvania in company with brother Laban, William Blackmore and Daniel Finch. At the mouth of the Great Kanawa, we left our canoes and traveled on land to Bellville. The Ohio river is very crooked, making it 60 miles by water. We started through the woods directed by Mr. Lewis and arrived at Bellville that night, shortening the trip twenty or thirty miles. The next morning we started on the road for Clarksburg on the west fork of the Monongahala river. Clarksburg is the county seat of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania [now Harrison county, West Virginia,] eight miles below Morgantown on the east side where Cheat river empties into the Monongahala river. This river has its source in the Green Brier mountains and runs through Randolph and Pocahontas counties. We descended the river to Brownsville. We returned home down the Ohio in a boat in August.

I started for Pennsylvania again in company with Robert Elrod. We kept the Ohio by land and had some difficulty in

crossing creeks, having to go up the creeks to avoid the back water. I came near being drowned at the mouth of the Big Sandy. I tried to ford it at its mouth. The water was about three feet deep, but the depth of the quick sand we could not tell as we found no bottom. We could not get across and had much difficulty in getting back to the side from which we started. We went up the river about two miles and found a good ford with a rock bottom and we crossed in safety.

We arrived in Pennsylvania the last of the month. In October, Mr. Jones had a contract from the United States government to cut out a bridle path from Wheeling, Virginia, to Chillicothe. They were at work on it. We started on the path and came up with them. We were accompanied by two other men and we came upon the choppers about ten miles from Chillicothe. We then started through the woods to Chillicothe, then went home after an absence of sixty days. We were the first persons that traveled that road.

On June 24th I sold my plantation in Kentucky and my wife and I went to Pennsylvania. We traveled by land and on horse-back and arrived there September 1, 1800. Soon after our arrival, we both took sick with fever and ague. Both shook daily. Not being able to ride on horseback, we took passage home on a boat laden with apples and cider. The river was so low, we were sixty days on it, and each day we had a hard shake. When we landed, we were hardly able to ride home and had the ague about all winter. Had more than one hundred hard shakes before we missed one, and quite a good many after then and then some.

I moved to Ohio and settled in Ross county on the Sun Fish creek where I had previously bought and built a grist and saw mill, in 1803. I was, with two other men, appointed to view a road from New Market to the south Salt Works. Forty miles of this was through an unbroken forest and as the other two were not woodsmen, it became my duty to take the lead. We found a good way for a road which was afterwards cut out and became a public highway. In 1804, I was selected to be candidate for captain, to which I objected, and did not attend the election, but I was run and elected and received my commission from the governor of Ohio, which I returned to General Manson as I did not wish to serve. I bought land in

Adams county on Brush creek and in April settled on it and built a grist mill.

In 1821, I sold my possessions in Ohio and settled in Indiana, Bartholomew county, six miles north of Columbus, Indiana. We suffered much with sickness and lost four of our children. January 1833 was the last year I was able to farm my land and I rented it for three years. The rent was sufficient to keep us but neither of us was able to do the work required to be done. All of our children were married and had left us. They all with one accord advised us to break up housekeeping and live with some of them, the propriety of which I was inclined to doubt. The idea of disposing of one's home and making a home with others, oftentimes is not a real home but simply a stopping place. However in November, 1836, we broke up. We went to live with our son-in-law Tunis Quick and our daughter Susannah, with whom we still reside. We had twelve children, eight living at this time, and eighty-seven grand children. We continued to live with our son-in-law until 1848 when we went to Milton Nelson's home.

In April 1848, we went to live with Rachel and Milton Nelson. They had sold their farm at Mt. Auburn, Shelby county, intending to move to Iowa. His wife being so distressed at the thought of leaving all of her friends and relatives, parents included, began to pine away and friends expressed serious doubts whether she would be able to stand the trip which had to be made in a wagon. At that time the trip was generally made in about three weeks so owing to the urgent request of many friends they abandoned the trip to Iowa and bought a farm of Alexander Breeding about one and three-fourths miles southwest of Mt. Auburn in Shelby county, Indiana. Mr. Breeding moved to Iowa.

We in course of time had sold our farm and were depending upon the interest of the money to support us. The price we received for the land was one thousand dollars, this we turned over to M. J. Nelson and we went to make our home with him. They arranged a room for us with a fire place where we could sit and smoke our pipes to ourselves if we chose. They had a large family, mostly boys who used to often resort to our room and hear us tell of our adventures of early times.

My father departed this life on the first of June, 1809, and was buried in his own orchard in Ross county, Ohio. He was 68 years old. My mother departed this life at her daughter Mary's, 1824, and was buried by the side of my father. She was 81 years old. I was the oldest of twelve children—their names were Spencer, Nicy, Laban, Joseph, Ann, John, Elizabeth, Josiah, Sarah, Mary, Susannah and William, who have all departed this life except myself, John and William. I moved to Ross county, Ohio, in 1800.

Spencer Records, the narrator of this record, on account of hardships and trials partially lost his hearing and was bent the last twenty years of his life. He died at the age of 88 without illness. He rode on horseback 14 miles on a cold February day the day before to see his daughter Susanna Quick to arrange about returning to make their home with them. He became so chilled he died from the effects of the exposure. His wife survived him for four years, dying October 13th, 1854. He carried a hickory cane with a buck horn hand piece. He was a member of the Whig party from its earliest existence. He and his wife were members of the Regular Baptist and never failed to attend the regular monthly meetings if it was possible. His parents were Methodists but he never attached himself to that body. He always wore shoes made on a straight last and changed them every morning and maintained that it was only pride that caused people to have them right and left. He said that people's feet used to be straight but they were getting to be sprung crooked. He often told about the early settlers and told about how they lived. He gave an accurate description of the pack saddle.

In early times flax was raised, pulled up, spread on the ground and rotted, the fibre broke on a break made for that purpose then the shives were beat out by being held on a round top perpendicular board called a singling board. A wooden knife was used to beat with, which was made of oak or hickory, and called a singling knife. It was about eighteen or twenty inches long, sharp on both edges and thicker in the center. After the flax was broken a hackle was used to pull out the top which was full of small branches and the lint that was unfit for use. It was singled until the fibre was all beat out and the lint beat fine then a finer hackle was used and

the part that the hackle pulled out was called tow and was spun into coarse thread and woven into coarse cloth for pants and coarse towels. The flax was spun into thread for sewing and to be woven into finer goods such as shirts, tablecloths, napkins, sheets and the like. Often dresses were made of linen and were usually worn for several years. Linsey was made by weaving wool into cotton or linen chain and was used by women principally for fall and winter wear. All of this was home spun.

The hide of the beef was tanned at home or with some of the neighbors and made into shoes. Often the leather was not blackened. Any one was considered fortunate to possess a pair of shoes. They wore moccasins made of deer skin. The deer skin was also home tanned. The tanning was often done with oak bark; it was dried, pounded with an ax, the skin was wet and kept covered with this oak bark for about one year for upper leather and two years for sole leather.

#### FAMILY RECORD

Spencer Records, son of Josiah Records and Susannah Tully his wife, was born December 11, 1762. Josiah Records was a son of John Records and Ann Callaway his wife, was born May 11, 1741 O.S., Sussex county, Delaware. Spencer Records married Elizabeth Elrod, April 15, 1791. She was a daughter of John and Mary Elrod of Virginia. Spencer Records was the oldest of twelve children—names as follows: Spencer, Nicy, Laban, Joseph, Ann, John, Elizabeth, Josiah, Sarah, Mary, Susannah and William. Moved to Indiana six miles north of Columbus in 1821.

I will now give the names of our children, the dates of their births, deaths and marriages.

Josiah was born on the 10th day of April, 1792; married Mary Alexander 8th day of April, 1813.

John was born on the 6th day of July, 1793; married Rachel Bailey March 28th, 1817.

James was born July 25th, 1795; married Elizabeth Heaton October 23d, 1820. He departed this life September 23d, 1823.

Hannah was born July 4th, 1797; married John Wilson on the 29th of December, 1814.

Laban was born September 8th, 1799; married Hannah Bradley, his first wife, September 9th, 1822; married his second wife Elizabeth Barnett, September 24th, 1825.

William P. was born on the 23d day of November, 1801; married Elizabeth Harvey on the 17th of March, 1826.

Mary was born on the 20th day of December, 1803; married James



Burch on the 2nd day of July 1822; she departed this life on the 17th day of October, 1823.

Susannah was born the 23d day of November, 1805; married Tunis Quick on the 3d day of September, 1823.

Matilda was born on the 20th day of October, 1808; married Josiah Hendrickson on the 13th of August, 1833.

Rachel Bagley was born on the 27th day of December, 1810; married Milton Nelson on the 6th day of December, 1830.

Elizabeth was born on the 25th day of May, 1813; departed this life on the 18th of October, 1823.

Lucinda was born the 4th of June, 1815; married James Barnet on the 13th of August, 1833.

Lucy was born on the 4th of July, 1818; departed this life on the 10th of August, 1827.